

## Wilted Flower

Maximilian Hecker

A Magic bullet against your drought  
Were sumptuous rainfalls  
Dreary whispering of how you love  
Sun-baked objects  
It's a little strange how you walk  
And I still hear your withered talk  
I am blooming  
I am blooming  
Without you

You've lost your tears in a vale of dust  
You're a wilted flower  
How could I now miss your face  
As I'm watered in a shower?  
It's a little strange how you walk  
And I still hear your withered talking